III.i.

Enter Mercutio, Benuolio, *and men.*

Ben. I pray thee good *Mercutio* lets retire,
The day is hot, the *Capels* abroad:
And if we meete we shall not scape a brawle, for now these hot daies, is the mad blood stirring.

Mer. Thou art like one of these fellowes, that when he enters the confines of a Tauerne, claps me his sword vpon the table, and sayes, God send me no need of thee: and by the operation of the second cup, draws him on the drawer, when indeed there is no need.

Ben. Am I like such a fellow?

Mer. Come, come, thou art as hot a Iacke in thy moode as any in *Italie*: and assoone moued to be moodie, and assoone moodie to be moued.

Ben. And what too?

Mer. Nay and there were two such, we should haue none shortly, for one would kill the other: thou, why thou wilt quarell with a man that hath a haire more, or a haire lesse in his beard, then thou hast: thou wilt quarell with a man for cracking Nuts, hauing no other reason, but because thou hast hasel eyes: what eye, but such an eye wold spie out such a quarrel? thy head is as full of quarelles, as an egge is full of meate, and yet thy head hath bene beaten as addle as an egge for quarelling: thou hast quareld with a man for coffing in the streete, because hee hath wakened thy dogge that hath laine asleep in the sun. Didst thou not fall out with a taylor for wearing his new doublet before Easter, with an other for tying his new shooes with olde riband, and yet thou wilt tutor me from quarelling?

Ben. And I were so apt to quarell as thou art, any man should buy the fee-simple of my life for an houre and a quarter.

Mer. The fee-simple, ô simple.

Enter Tybalt, Petruchio, *and others.*

Ben. By my head here comes the *Capulets*.

Mer. By my heele I care not.

Tybalt. Follow me close, for I will speake to them.
Gentlemen, Good den, a word with one of you.

Mer.

Mer. And but one word with one of vs, couple it with
thing, make it a word and a blowe.

Tib. You shall find me apt inough to that sir, and you w
me occasion.

Mercu. Could you not take some occasion with
uing?

Tyb. *Mercutio*, thou consortest with *Romeo*.

Mer. Consort, what doest thou make vs Minstrels? an
make Minstrels of vs, looke to hear nothing but discords:
my fiddlesticke, heeres that shall make you daunce: zoun
sort.

Ben. We talke here in the publike haunt of men:
Either withdraw vnto some priuate place,
Or reason coldly of your greeuances:
Or else depart, here all eyes gaze on vs.

Mer. Mens eyes were made to looke, and let them ga
I will not budge for no mans pleasure I.

Enter Romeo.

Tyb. Well peace be with you sir, here comes my man.

Mer. But ile be hangd sir if he weare your liuerie:
Marrie go before to field, heele be your follower,
Your worship in that sense may call him man.

Tyb. *Romeo*, the loue I beare thee, can affoord
No better terme then this: thou art a villaine.

Ro. *Tybalt*, the reason that I haue to loue thee,
Doth much excuse the appertaining rage
To such a greeting: villaine am I none.
Therefore farewell, I see thou knowest me not.

Tyb. Boy, this shall not excuse the iniuries
That thou hast done me, therefore turne and draw.

Ro. I do protest I neuer iniuried thee,
But loue thee better then thou canst deuise:
Till thou shalt know the reason of my loue,
And so good *Capulet*, which name I tender
As dearely as mine owne, be satisfied.

Mer. O calme, dishonourable, vile submission: